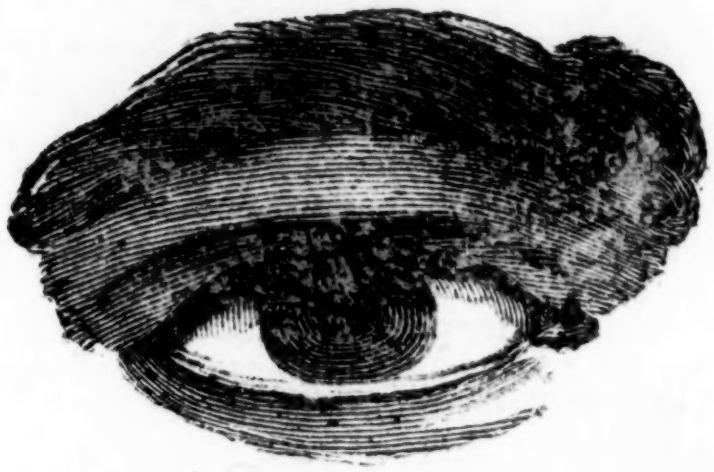

THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1809.

A PICTURE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER, *as it ought to appear when formed.*

By George Horne, D. D.

The picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand nearly three thousand years ago. The description I mean, is that left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; a description of which all mothers and mistresses should teach the female pupils under their care, to read and learn by heart.

'Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.' Such a one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor, than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east.

'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.' A good nurtured woman is a man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the Most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies on her for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea and land; to plunder provinces, or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place.

'She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life.' She will never abuse his confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more and more worthy to it. And even if her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should sometimes happen to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still 'do him good, and not evil,' while he lives; and if she survive him, will continue to shew the same

kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. 'My Servius, said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn which contained the ashes of her husband...though dead to the rest of the world, can never be otherwise than alive to me.'

Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half the number) are taken up in setting forth her *industry*, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleased to consider, that if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for *themselves*, they cannot be better employed than in working for the *poor;* since, 'the coats and garments' made by the charity of Dorcas, were judged the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle.

'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hand she planteth a vineyard.'....On account of this her marvellous and unceasing diligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well may it be said, as it is said of her, 'Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.'

But the honour is not confined to herself. It extended to her friend and companion in life; 'Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.',...That is, known as *her* husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted perhaps for his promotion, to the wealth acquired by her management at home (for honours are seldom open to the poor); for the splendour and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands: and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encouragement, in all that is holy, just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversation, the nature of which is thus described....

'She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' She thinks before she speaks; and therefore neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing on it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is ill-natured. But her charity is shewn in deeds as well as words....

'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hand to the needy.' This is yet another good effect of her economy

and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly, and extravagance have taken away the power to exert it? In vain is 'the hand stretched out,' when there is nothing in it.

Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surprised at the praise bestowed on it in the remaining verses of the chapter.

'Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her,' saying, 'Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all.' Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk by the paths of honour and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of heaven derived to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that, among women who do well, honour is chiefly due to the virtuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother.

'Favour,' or rather 'gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' A graceful person, and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find: and bitterer than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man, who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say, *may* be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an index to the mind, and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter, in the psalm, 'all should be glorious within.' But let beauty have its due praise, and suppose what you will of it....suppose all that the poets say of it be true, still the wise man tells you, it is *vain*, it is in its nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring, which must fade in autumn; and when the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever: let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition, which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world and all that is in it shall disappear, and come no more into mind. 'A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'

'Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates.'

The crown, which her own hands have thus formed, shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life, and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies, shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankincense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are by instruction.

THE DEATH OF A SINNER,

BY JEAN-BAPTISTE MASSILLON.

- - - - In vain do we repel the image of death; every day brings it nearer. Youth glides away; years hurry on; and, like water, says the scripture, spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again, we rapidly course towards the abyss of eternity, where for ever swallowed up, we can never return upon our steps, to appear once more upon the earth.

I know that the brevity and uncertainty of life are continual subjects of conversation to us. The deaths of our relations, our friends, our companions, frequently sudden, and always unexpected, furnish us with a thousand reflections on the frailty of every thing terrestrial.

We are incessantly repeating that the world is nothing; that life is but a dream; and that it is a striking folly our interesting ourselves so deeply for what must pass so quickly away. But these are merely words; they are not the sentiments of the heart; they are discourses offered at the shrine of custom; and that very custom occasions their being immediately, and for ever forgot.

Now, my brethern, form to yourselves a destiny on this earth, agreeable to your own wishes: lengthen out in your own minds, your days to a term beyond your most sanguine hopes. I even wish you to indulge in the enjoyment of so pleasing an illusion: but at last, you must follow the track which your forefathers have trod: You will at last see that day arrive, to which no other shall suceeed; and that day will be the day of your eternity: Happy, if you die in the Lord: Miserable if you depart in sin. One of these lots awaits you: In the final decision upon all men, there will be only two sides, the right and the left; two divisions, the goats and the sheep. Allow me then to recall you to the bed of death, and to expose to your view the double spectacle of this last hour, so terrible to the sinner, and so consolatory to the righteous man.

I say, terrible to the sinner, who, lulled by vain hopes of a conversion, at last reaches this fatal moment; full of desires, empty of good works; having ever lived a stranger to the Lord, and unable now to make any offering to him, but of his crimes, and the anguish of seeing a period put to those days, which he vainly believed would endure for ever. Now nothing can be more dreadful than the situation of this unfortunate wretch, in the last moments of his life! Whichever way his mind is employed, whether in recalling the past, or considering what is acting around him; in a word, whether he penetrates into that awful futurity, upon the brink of which he hangs, or limits his reflections to the present moment; these objects, the only ones which can occupy his thoughts, or present themselves to his fancy, only open to him the blackest prospects, which overwhelm him with despair.

For what can the past offer to a sinner, who, extended upon the bed of death, begins now to yield up dependence upon life, and reads in the countenances of those around him, the dreadful intelligence, that all is over with him? What now does he see in that long course of days, which he has run through upon the earth? Alas! he sees only vain cares and anxieties; pleasures which passed away before they could be enjoyed, and iniquities which must endure for ever.

Vain cares.---His whole life, which now appears to have occupied but a moment, presents itself to him, and in it he views nothing but one continued constraint, and an useless agitation. He recalls to his mind all he has suffered for a world, which now flies from him: for a

fortune, which now vanishes: for a vain reputation which accompanies him not into the presence of God; for friends, whom he loses; for masters, who will soon forget him; for a name, which will be written only on the ashes of his tomb. What regret must agitate the mind of this unfortunate wretch, when he sees that his whole life has been one continued toil, yet that nothing to the purpose has been accomplished for himself! What regret, to have so often done violence to his inclinations, without gaining the advance of a single step towards heaven! To have always believed himself too feeble for the service of God, and yet to have had the strength and the constancy to fall a martyr to vanity, and to a world which is on the eve of perishing!

Alas! it is then that the sinner, overwhelmed, terrified at his own blindness and mistake, no longer finding but an empty space in a life which the world had alone engrossed; perceiving, that, after a long succession of years upon the earth, he has not yet begun to live; leaving history, perhaps, full of his actions, the public monuments loaded with the transactions of his life, the world filled with his name, and nothing, alas! which deserves to be written in the book of eternity, or which may follow him into the presence of God: Then it is, though too late, that he begins to hold a language to himself, which we have frequent opportunities of hearing: "I have lived then only for vanity: why have I not served my God, as I have served my masters? Alas! were so many anxieties, and so much trouble, necessary to accomplish my own destruction? Why, at least, did I not receive my consolation in this world? I should have enjoyed the present, that fleeting moment which passes away from me; and I should not then have lost all. But my life has been always filled with anxieties, subjections, fatigues, and restraints; and all these in order to prepare for me everlasting misery. What madness to have suffered more towards my own ruin, than was required to have accomplished my salvation; and to have regarded the upright, as a melancholy and an unsupportable one; seeing they have done nothing so difficult for God, that I have not performed an hundred-fold for the world, which is nothing, and from which I have nothing consequently to expect."

(To be continued.)

Extracted from a Letter by Robert Burns to Lady Dunlap.

- - - - This world of ours, notwithstanding it has many good things in it, yet it has ever had this curse, that two or three people, who would be the happier the oftener they met together, are, almost without exception, always so placed as never to meet but once or twice a year, which, considering the few years of a man's life, is a very great "evil under the sun," which I do not recollect that Solomon has mentioned in his catalogue of the miseries of man. I hope and believe that there is a state of existence beyond the grave, where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition, that "we part no more!"

* * * * * *

"Tell us, ye dead!
"Will none of you in pity disclose the secret
"What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?"

A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever thought fit to answer the question, "O that some courteous ghost would blab it out!" but it cannot be; you and I, my friend, must make the experiment by our-

selves, and for ourselves. However, I am so convinced that an unshaken faith in the doctrines of religion is not only necessary, by making us better men, but also by making us happier men, that I shall take every care that your little godson, and every little creature that shall call me father, shall be taught them.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

April 14. The ship Thomas Jefferson, arrived at this port from Gibraltar, brings intelligence that it is probable the whole of Spain, excepting Cadiz, was now in the possession of France. When she left the coast of Catalonia, the advanced guards of the French were within an hour and a half's march of Rens.

It is reported, that Mr. Oakley, arrived at Washington from London, has brought overtures of a pacific nature, with regard to the attack on the Chesapeake, and impressment of seamen;--abrogating the orders in council as far as relates to the United States, and offering to enter into a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation.

It is reported that Austria is on the eve of declaring war against France.

The Turks have made peace with England.

It is said the Swedes have shut their ports against the English.

The grand jury now sitting in Philadelphia for the Circuit Court of the United States, have found a bill of indictment against General Bright, and eight other persons, for a misdemeanor in resisting the process District Court issued in the case of Olmstead.

Much confusion is stated to reign in the Brazils in consequence of the quarrelling of the Prince and his wife. The British minister, Lord Strangford, and Sir Sidney Smith, take different sides. The Princess is the daughter of the late abdicated Charles IV. of Spain.

Capt. Tatem, arrived at Boston, from St. Croix, informs that an insurrection had occurred at Guadaloupe in favour of the British, and an expedition was proceeding against the Island; and the Spaniards had gone against the city of St. Domingo.

The British Admiral at the Cape of Good Hope, has declared the Isles of France and Reunion in a state of blockade, "as he had received important intelligence relative to those islands."

The Colonists of New South Wales, have mutinied and arrested their Governor. A capt. Johnson had assumed the command, and sent home dispatches.

It has been reported at the Cape of Good Hope, that 1800 of the inhabitants of the Isle of France, had perished of famine. Two French frigates had arrived there.

Accounts from the Havanna state, that before the order of the Governor of Cuba, directing all the French residents in that island to leave it in fifteen days, could be carried into effect, an insurrection of the blacks and lower classes of the populace against these unfortunate people had taken place, in which many of them are said to have perished. A private letter of the 26th of March says, that the plunder and massacre of the whites were indiscriminate.

Revolution at Bantam, in the East Indies.

Camp at Ceram, four miles above Bantam, Nov. 24, 1808.

The 14th inst. the Marshal and Governor General Dendels receiv-

ed intelligence that on the 11th inst. at Bantam, Govenor Du Puy, Lieutenant Kohl, one corporal, and three Malay soldiers, had been murdered in a most barbarous manner in the Fort of the Sultan and that orders had been given to kill the commanding officer and the Europeans stationed at Anjah, but who however fortunately made their escape. Immediately 200 Grenadiers, one company of flying artillery, 125 Cannoneers on foot, with two heavy howitzers, 700 Infantry, and 60 Cavalry were ordered to march thither, which notwithstanding the difficulties they had to encounter by bad roads, and the crossing of deep lawns and rapid rivers, was effected in a very short time. The Sultan, who had been unfaithful to his engagements, and counteracted the interest of the Dutch government, had been instigated to this malicious act by his first minister, whose removal from office, the Marshal had devised. On the 19th the Marshal summoned the deluded Prince to surrender which he refused to do. On the 21st Fort Diamond was surrounded by the military, and taken possession of without resistance. The sultan was found in his palace by himself, with his wives and concubines, deserted by his soldiers. The next day the Marshal incorporated the kingdom of Bantam, with the other possessions belonging to his Majesty the King of Holland, viz. the eastern part joined to the circumjacent country of Batavia : the Lampoon is to be for ever separated, and the remainder given to the brother of the former Sultan, who is to consider himself as a subject of his Majesty the King of Holland, and to be under the controul of the new Governor. The Sultan is at present arrested, in the Fort of Speelwyck, from whence he will be transported and banished to Amboyna. On the 24th the first Minister of the deposed Sultan, who had been the cause of all the mischief was shot, and his body thrown into the river—wherewith the honour of the Dutch government being sufficiently revenged, the Marshal proclaimed a general amnesty. The jewels and most precious things are confiscated for the benefit of the government, and shall either be transported to Batavia, or remain here for further orders.

A Revolution has broken out at Buenos Ayres, in South America, under the celebrated Liniers, where he has declared his intention to shake off the dominion of Spain. He has been joined by numbers, and the Governor of Paraquay, his brother-in-law, has likewise openly avowed the same cause. Gen. Ello, the Governor of Monte Video, is the only person who has yet dared to oppose those insurgents.

Sat. evening, April 15. The British ship Alexander has arrived at Boston in 39 days from Liverpool. She confirms the account of the French fleet having sailed ; but brings no later information from Spain. It was rumoured that Saragossa had surrendered.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening the 6th inst. by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John P. Decatur, of the United States navy, to Miss Maria Ten Eyke, daughter of the late Thomas Ten Eyke, Esq. all of this place.

At Jamaica L. I. last Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Fatouite, Mr. John Y. Cebra, Merchant of this city, to Miss Mary Herriman, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Willison, Mr. Samuel Sparks, to Miss Catherine Fink, daughter of Mr. Alexander Fink, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Miller, David M. Ross, Esq. to Miss Jane W. Greenwood.

On the 5th inst. Mr. Thomas H. Brown, to Miss Harriet Wetherill.

On Thursday last by the rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. James Parks, of this city, Grocer, to Miss Alethia Marseilles, of Bergan, New Jersey.

ELEGY,

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In Fortune's train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name'
Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words their wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

'To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame.
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas, no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jess'mines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs, that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus, for your sake, I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I feed;
Not such the precept from his lips I drew;

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair:
And Pity welcome to my native soil.'

She spoke---nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
I left her---torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
Oh, my hard bosom, which could bear to leave.

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy floats upon the wat'ry plain.

And---see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier.

BILL OF MORTALITY,

from the 1st till the 8th April.

	Years.		Years.
Ann Mathews	43	Jacob Andrews	20
Jonathan Spader	38	Alex. Ralston	28
Thos. Cheick	53	Peter Morris	40
Samuel Burras	28	John Flanaghan	19
Charles Barnes	60	James Hill	30
Edward Shields	39	Maria Vallade	32
Thos. Gallayher	32	Mary Chatoulun	89
John Shannon	56	George Gordon	56
Charlotte Peach	30	Margaret Price	40
John Weeks	40	Mary Sembler	35
Davis's child	3	Lane's child	3½
Vanderbilt's ch.	2½	Jen. M'Gregor	2⅔
Wm. Spencer	1½	Wm. Mound	1½
Campbell's ch.	5 mo.	Saybier's ch.	1 mo.
J. Cargill's ch.	21 d.	Anderson's ch.	1 d.

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